



# Manitoba Memories



Alex. H. Sutherland.



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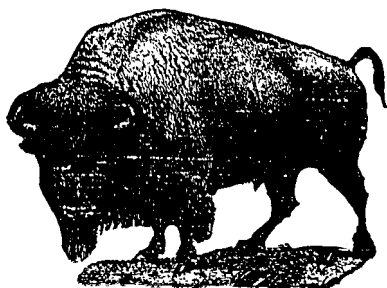


# Manitoba Memories

Alex. H. Sutherland.

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To the Memory  
of the  
Lord Selkirk Settlers.

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## Manitoba Memories

HOW doth fond memory, with unwavering mind,  
Dwell round the open portals of the past,  
And down long vistas of the changeful years  
Reveal again those stirring scenes that cast  
Their imprint on an empire.

\* \* \*

How far remote, and yet how near appears,  
Like the weird panorama of a dream,  
The passing of the sturdy pioneers;  
How homesick grows the heart to hear again  
The creaking of the old Red River cart,  
To see the long white line across the plain;  
To lie before the lazy fire at night  
On buffalo robes, and listen to the tale  
Of Indian fights, of stories of the floods,  
Of Seven Oaks, and how Fort Garry fell  
Before the reckless, plundering Riel.

\* \* \*

How easily before the mind doth come  
The grave and stately Indian, arrow armed,  
A plumed and painted savage; all untrained  
To face the cunning of the white man's creed,  
He falls a victim to his power and greed.  
Vainly beside the sheltered stream we seek  
The clustering wigwams and the birch canoe—  
The graceful queen of waters. Nevermore,  
On lonely lake or down the winding trail  
Shall roam the redman o'er his native vale.

\* \* \*

With what a vain regret the cup we raise  
To drink the memory of those early days.

\* \* \*

The gilded car, the voluptuous display  
Of easy enervating opulence,  
The strain and stress, the worry after wealth,  
The constant care that saps the enfeebled health,  
Surely a rude reward wherewith to pay  
For happy hospitable days, when friend  
With friend foregathered, and the helping hand  
Was surety of love throughout the land.

## The Selkirk Settlers

ACROSS the visions of inquiet mind,  
When tossing nights strange sleepless dreams unfold,  
And the long hours drag toward the dawn;

As from a people of an unknown land  
Comes faintly back again those wondrous tales,  
Heard in sweet infancy upon a grandsire's knee.

Strange stories have been told of venturous minds  
From when Ulysses sped his slender bark across Aegean seas,  
To where Columbus 'neath uplifted hand  
Gazed out upon a new-found world;  
But none more weirdly strange, more magic bright  
Than this, the tale of Scottish husbandmen,  
Of simple fisher folk and fearless peasantry,  
Stern bearded giants of unwavering mind,  
Unflagging faith and god-like purposes,  
Who from those consecrated covenanting hills,  
Made sacred by ancestral sufferings borne,  
Followed their leader through far distant wilds,  
To found an empire in a wilderness.

Time fails to tell of that wild passage borne  
Across vast wastes of stormy northern seas,  
Of patient waiting through the wintry gloom,  
'Midst woeful want and wasting sicknesses — courage alone  
unspent.

Full twelve long months had circled round the year,  
And many other days and weeks were fled — by endless  
solitudes,

Far up remotest creeks and winding bays,  
'Twixt ragged pine crowned rocks, and islands  
Wreathed with interlacing cedars ever green:  
And onward still where sloping swards swept downward to a  
stream

Whose velvet banks were bathed with softer floods,  
Before they came, sore buffeted and worn,  
Unto their promised land,

To those wide spreading plains, where link the waters of the  
turbid Red  
With the long winding swift Assiniboine.

The feathered Indians gaze in silent awe  
On plaided kilts and stalwart Highland grace;  
To them incomprehensible what boon could draw  
O'er land and sea this strange adventurous race,  
To face the God of Fear upon his very throne,  
Within a wilderness, remote, obscure, alone.

Upon the quiet evening air, the sound  
Of tuneful voices gathers on the gloom—  
The reverent psalm, in Scottish bosom bound  
From early childhood to the waiting tomb,  
Floats out across the wave with solemn boom,  
And hearts are consecrated by "Old Hundred's" lure—  
"Know that the Lord is God indeed,  
Forever to endure."

Peoples and powers may boast high ancestry,  
God-like progenitors and titled fame,  
Of empires founded by heroic kings,  
Of gallant battles gained and glory won:  
But, nations guard no grander, more ennobling birth  
Than Selkirk gave that day the dwellers of the North.

So strong his steadfast faith, his confidence  
Unshaken by the weight of worldly power,  
Could not remain unblessed;  
Foundation firm and sure he laid within those wide domains,  
Where press still onward to the vast horizon dim  
The wandering sons and daughters of unrest.

Our empty words alone can tribute bring  
Unto that gallant band,  
Who hold us in a debt we may not now repay;  
Their triumph won,  
In lowly plot and churchyard grim, their weary clay  
Awaits the tardy homage of the judgment day.

### In Memoriam

FAST fades the twilight,  
The last golden ray  
Sinks into night,  
But endless day  
Her spirit cheers  
Through glorious years  
With angels bright.

Yon diamond star  
Has beaconed far  
Her loving soul  
To God above.  
While ages roll,  
Where seraphs are,  
His boundless love  
Shall be her goal.

## After the Storm

**S**TORM and tempest and wind and rain  
Rage over the life of the oak in vain,  
For deep in the earth his roots sink down,  
As he dares to the last the storm king's frown:  
So, danger and sorrow, and pain and care  
Are breeders of charity everywhere.  
High over the clouds and the mists of life  
The sun shines pure, and the ceaseless strife,  
Though it rack and ruin, though it sear and burn,  
Will end at last with the night's return.  
And the heart of the striver, grown strong and bold,  
Comes forth from the battle, as pure as gold,  
And freed from the dross and decay of earth,  
Is a child of God, by the right of birth.

## The Prairie Pioneers

We have luxury and leisure,  
They had danger, toil and tears,  
And we reverence the memory  
Of the prairie pioneers

UPON their patient shoulders they upheld  
The open arches to a waiting land,  
Where eager millions tread. No feeble fancy led  
These souls devoted, to their lonely tombs;  
Freely they lived in danger and distress;  
They trod for us the untrammelled wilderness:—  
We reap the ripened fruit from off their blooms.

Where first the redman saw across the plain  
The coming of the canvas caravan,  
A city dwells, whose comfortable homes  
Forget the perils of the pioneers—  
The curse of rival companies, whose hate  
Still urged the fickle Indian into strife;  
When, through the brooding night around them thrilled  
The terror of the treacherous tomahawk,  
While widowed wives and orphaned children made  
Their wail of anguish o'er the unburied dead

Floods drave them from their homes and bore away  
The patient labor of the weary year;  
Fires fought with them for mastery of the plain,  
While flights of locusts filled the darkened air,  
As though Egyptian scourges would pursue;  
Famine did threaten them and fever fed  
Upon their wasted frames, yet danger gave  
But deeper purpose all his power to brave.

Let not their purse proud followers forget  
The daring wills to whom their wealth is owed,  
Our easy road is smoothened by the burden of their load

Virtue and Honor crowned their lives with Care,  
Their names are written not in marble fair,  
But graven deep in grateful hearts they dwell,  
To linger in the land they loved so well

## The Halfbreed Maiden

(A Fragment)

A WAY in the west, where the closing day  
Clings to the prairie longingly,

Shadow and sun, and sun and shade  
Have mingled their love in a nut brown maid.

The moon's soft shadows and wooing ways  
She blends with the brilliant noonday rays.

Queen of the camp and the bold frontier,  
Sweet comrade to those who know no fear;

Skilled in those simple arts and pure,  
To love and patiently still endure;

And naught to her is the crowded street,  
Where the painted baubles of Mammon meet.

Her long black tresses, that lightly swing,  
Are soft as the breath of the swallow's wing.

Lips as red as the rosiest bloom  
Of a red ripe rose in a rosy June.

Happy and helpful, with spirit gay  
From morning light to the close of day,

Where the last faint sunbeam smiling lies  
In the languorous depth of her dark brown eyes.

## The Prairie Anemone

STANDING alone and free from the broad cool breast of  
thy mother earth;

Breaking the bonds, and daring the pride of the frost  
king's iron power

How shall we greet thee?

Little anemone

Velvety violet bell;

Emblem of hope and of purpose true,

To a nation young and eager to do,

To plan and to purpose well

No fondling thou of the fetid air of a hothouse mother's  
breath,

But vigorous, fair, and free as the prairie that gives thee birth,  
Brushing aside the course decay of a dead year's worn out  
dress;

Singing the song of eternal hope, in the land of the golden  
west;

Of the golden, glowing,

Glittering, growing

Land of the last and the best

Thy star belled crown holds high her head in the light of the  
morning air;

And in joy of the promise of gladsome summer born,

We proudly place on our province crest

The form of the flower we love the best,

The little anemone bell so blest,

The pride of the prairie morn

May our courage be great as thine, and our faith as steadfast  
prove,

That the trust our fathers bequeathed us shall not be held in  
vain;

Til the uttermost edge

Of a nation's wedge,

Sharp driven shall cleave the way,

Where the coming countless hosts shall tread, in the light of  
liberty's reign



## Sunset on the Prairie

FAR flames the sunset on the purple clouds,  
While livid water close communion holds  
With deepening shades of crimson.

Softly the veil  
Of quiet evening falls in fleecy folds  
O'er virgin prairie, while on the charmed sight  
From far beyond the wide horizon's brim  
Long bars of gold beat up into the night.

O'er all the wide expanse the colors range,  
Changing from hue to hue. The stainless blue  
Is splashed with crimson, iris turns to brown,  
And where the colors of the rose were set  
Reflects the velvet of the violet.

I have seen the fiery heights of the Laurentians toss  
Their flaming arms into an eastern sky,  
Have been beside the Fraser where she sweeps  
In one long chain of silver to the sea,  
Have seen the splendor of the southern storm,  
Have known Aurora in her golden skirts  
Hold all the northland in a blaze of light,  
But have not known these lovelier, at their best,  
Than this far-flaming sunset in the West.

And long the twilight lingers on the scene.  
As some reluctant lover, taking leave of his fair mistress,  
Turns again and yet again returns  
To lift her rosy fingers to his lips,  
So bends departing daylight o'er the plain,  
The fragrant flowers and the dewy lawns,  
Kissing the blushing lakes and rosy streams  
That burn beneath the ardor of his gaze.

Slowly the saffron sinks to silver,  
The silver turns to grey,  
And in the bosom of the night, the day  
Fades slowly on the lingering sight away.

## Manitoba

NOT for the ocean's grand majestic roar,  
Nor for the heights of mountain peaks that soar  
To skies invisible, rearing their lofty fronts  
Like crystal giants, would I part with thee—  
My native land—dearest of earthly scenes

Though grandeur be imprinted on her cataracts,  
And though the gloomy depth of forest cave  
Enrich with blossomed treasure, and the deep  
Still mine bring forth her sparkling gem, earth hath  
No fairer bloom, nor in her moods majestic,  
Filled with awe, can rival thy soft vales

Here, thy rivers twine in no mad torrents,  
Fain to leave the land, but linger on  
Mid shady bowers, beneath the fairest skies,  
The long and level reaches of the plain  
Are crowned with flowers innumerable fair,  
And azure lakes, to endless distance drawn,  
Unbind their mighty bosoms to the sun.

Crimson with splendors of the dying sun  
Are all thy summer eves, purple and brown,  
Silver and grey and gold,—a fairy-land  
Of firefly shadows lingering into night.

Dear Manitoba; all thy wilful moods  
Of storm and sunshine, days of sweeping winds,  
And solemn stillness of the cool calm nights,  
Silvered in splendor of the listening stars,  
Are dear to me; for life hath vaster dreams  
Beneath the blue of thine ungirdled skies,  
And weaves a wider vista, when it gains  
The grandeur of thine unencompassed plains.

## Fort Barry Gate

S<sup>T</sup>OLIC—Recorder of the ruthless years,  
Whose cares have beaten down thy crumbling walls  
Thy bastions and thy battlemented tiers  
Of crude artillery; that ever calls  
To ruin and decay what strongest seems,  
What dreams come to thee here! What dreams! What dreams!

Dreams of the days when the wild Indian's yell  
Rang round thy watchful ramparts: doleful days,  
When, crazed with power, the foolish vain Riel  
Above thy towers a rebel flag did raise,  
And loyal blood within thy walls was shed  
E'er Wolseley came and strife was banished

And happier days, when o'er the snowy plain  
The stalwart trapper saw thy beacon light.  
Fur-laden from the north, his husky train  
Toil at their traces through the gathering night,  
To bring thee safe through weariness and stress  
Their well-won trophies of the wilderness.

And mirthful days, when to the fiddler's strain  
Red River jig and highland fling would thrill,  
And swift free-footed moccasins were fain  
To thread the maze of monymusk until  
The dawn awoke, and cozy carryalls  
Bore bright-eyed maidens from thy festive walls.

But these thy dreams and thee are left alone,  
Abashed amid the palaces that rise  
On every hand. The busy city's moan  
Disturbs thee with its multitude of cries.  
Thy noble rivers and thy prairies free,  
Alas! thy guardian eyes no longer see.

No longer from thy haughty rugged walls  
Resounds the scarlet sentry's challenge clear;  
Nor pioneer nor trapper grace thy halls,  
Nor the resourceful stalwart voyageur.  
All, all are gone, old times, old ways, old joys,  
Their memory alone thy grief alloys.

## British Columbia

I KNOW a land whose shining peaks sublime  
Point starry fingers to enraptured skies,  
Whose fertile valleys share as soft a clime  
As breathed in Eden's balmy Paradise.

Upon whose breasts with ceaseless brilliancy  
The sparkling diamonds of eternal snow  
Shine, pine-empurpled from earth's infancy,  
In emerald gem of forest fir aglow

A land whose veins are crystal torrents thrown  
Midst rugged rocks, in winding water-falls;  
From burning sun and grinding glacier flown,  
They fill the air with silvery sullen calls.

Whose lakes look upward to the heavenly hue  
Of sunny skies and star-encircled dome,  
Reflecting back a yet more brilliant blue:  
The land of love, of loyalty, of home

A wild Canadian land of forest fen,  
The last, the grandest in an empire rare;  
Britannia boasts no braver hearted men,  
Columbia none no maidens half so fair.

## King Edward the Seventh

N<sup>O</sup> greater praise has e'er been penned  
Than this "He was the people's friend"

King was he, and with stately presence bore  
Himself right kingly, yet in word and thought  
With kindly patience for his people wrought  
Peace: that his name the coming years may store,  
When war's wild ruin is a thing forgot.

They cherish well his memory, who love  
Their fellow men; they hate and fear him still,  
Who profit by discord, and their ill-will  
Would fain proclaim him faulty, but above  
Them towers the triumph of his power and skill.

"Oh me! for why is all around us here  
As if some lesser god had made the world,  
But had not force to shape it as he would"

And yet, and yet, far off I hear the chime  
Of golden echoes on the sea of time,  
Where smiles an angel mother on her son,  
While ring the praises of a clear "Well done."

Written on a report that the Dowager Queen Alexandra was returning to Denmark to reside.

FAREWELL, Imperial Queen:

How faints the fatal word upon our lips,  
Though seas may roll between,  
Though proudly outward borne by gallant ships  
That triumph make,  
Thou still dost reign  
Within the heart of Britain's loyalty,  
Thou gracious Queen,  
Who ruled so royally  
For England's sake.

Though thou art ours no more  
In outward form of action or of word,  
Within the hidden core  
Of England's heart a reverence is stirred  
At mention of thy name.  
Yea! Thou art still our own,  
Still mounted on a nation's firmest throne,  
Crowned with her love and gratitude,  
Thy name  
A spotless statue in her halls of fame.

## King George the Fifth

He sits upon the throne of Edward—King:  
Victoria's throne: and holds within his hand  
Her hallowed sceptre. Royal memories cling  
Around its reverent glory—wise commands;  
A world at peace before his mind expands.

The shout of mingling hosts is in his ear;  
He hears far greetings from an Empire wide.  
Nations and Kings send welcome void of fear  
To George the Sailor Prince. On every tide  
The messages of peace and concord ride.

Our faith, our fealty the while we own,  
With loyal hearts we sing,  
The crowning years that gather round thy throne  
A rich abundance bring.  
And all that merit, all that love can own  
Be thine, our Sailor King.

## Greetings to Arthur, Duke of Connaught

W<sup>e</sup> l. give him greeting here in Canada,  
And hold it honor that so high a prince,  
—The elder in Victoria's sainted line—  
Should dwell with us. There is a dignity in man,  
Who bears the blood of kings in every vein,  
That holds him ever to a high renown.

Kindred of Arthur and of Edward, Kings,  
The greatest that Imperial Britain bore,  
Must still be wise in war, a power in peace,  
And courteous in the intercourse of state.

But yet we fain would welcome him the more,  
That in the strain and struggle of our birth  
He fought to stay us in our father's house,  
Builded with us the empire that we own,  
Through courts seductive or tempestuous strife,  
Bore ever in his heart the blameless life.

That memory's paths with pleasure may be strewn,  
That ties of kin and country may be wrought  
To richer fullness, closer friendship known,  
Is guerdoned in the coming of Connaught.



## The Duke of Connaught at Winnipeg Centennial Exposition

GREETINGS to thee, our Governor and guest:  
The Golden West has but one word for thee,  
For those of thine Imperial house,  
And that is "Welcome."

We give thee welcome to the growing West;  
Voicing the inspiration that the word implies  
Of an expanding empire, founded fast on freedom—  
And a loyal love for the imperishable past of Britain.

The hand of changing Time  
Has placed a pointed finger on the map  
And written "Winnipeg,"—  
The gateway to the granary of the world—  
Entrance to Eldorados, and Modern Mistress of the Middle West.

Here, round the embers of the Redman's fires,  
Riseth a queenly capital, crowded with commerce  
And the flow of eager feet from far and alien lands.

Reaching strong hands to grasp the gathering years,  
She binds within one bond their various breeds.  
On every brow she brands the emblem Hope,  
And gives to each an opportunity;  
Nor cares nor fears can triumph over these,  
Filled with the ardor of her industries.

## Soliloquy on Time

TIME only is the essence of all life,  
Within its endless power worlds flit and fade  
And shine again in light of other worlds.  
The universe itself,—  
That glittering diadem, that crowns the mystic brow of  
Heaven's eternal King,  
Is but a dewdrop in the day of Time's unceasing sway;  
Reflecting back a moment in its melting mirror  
One perfect thought, one star-like ray  
In heaven's majestic destiny.

The glory of all things that were or are  
Falls in the lap of Time and fades,  
As bubbles, by a school-boy blown upon the breeze,  
Or flecks of foam upon the ocean borne,  
That sparkle for a moment in the morning sun,  
Then sink into forgetfulness again.  
And—what the life of man? his hopes and creeds,  
His splendid yearnings for (he knows not what of other forms  
and fears)  
His sacred aspirations for a spirit world;  
Is his the shadow of the mystic clouds, that float beneath the  
gaze of God above?  
Catching a faint reflection of his life and light,  
Then passed from out the landscape of his dream;  
Or, are these torches of celestial flame,  
Lighted by God himself,  
To glow or fade of their own power divine—Eternal lights?  
Time only in his deep oblivion holds the key,  
And in his endless eons will reveal.

But thou,—Oh man!  
Who would'st prepare thy soul for immortality,  
Gather from Time's unceasing store the jewels of the  
moments and the hours  
Fanning the flame thou feelest in thy breast,  
Make Time thy friend.  
So shalt thou step from off the brink,  
And, fluttering in thy robes of purity,  
Sail out across the vast abyss of years  
On mighty wings of love and perfect trust.

## Soliloquy on Mercy

Till gates of Mercy open to the cry of hungry souls—  
Despised of Pride and Power,  
Her loving arms reach out  
To bear new hopes to stricken hearts.  
With callous Cruelty she wages constant war,  
And by the side of Justice  
Holds a place on God's eternal throne.

Her arms are Peace and Love;  
With gifts of Pity and of Sympathy  
She draws the weary soul from Hell's compelling power.  
Upon her brow no crown of laurel wreathes,  
But in her eyes a light celestial shines,  
And from her lips drop blessings,  
Like the dew that glows and glimmers on the parched leaf.  
Renewing life.

Who worships not before the Mercy seat,  
Nor holds within his heart her living light,  
Can bear no flowers to Paradise.  
Her gentle showers — alone — mature within the human heart  
A power divine.

To him who freely gives,  
From her a thousand-fold he shall receive;  
'Til, laden with the burden of his gifts,  
He shall atone—before the throne of God,  
His deepest sin.

## Soliloquy on Hope

HOW springs eternal in the human heart  
Hope's rosy bloom—

Her perfect blossom pales before the breath of Death  
alone—

Yet in Death's mouldy tomb she strikes new roots,  
And in the Eden of our Paradise  
Grows ever as the tree of life  
To bear fresh flowers and fruit.

Who sees her last faint ray fly forth from out his life  
Is dead indeed—

His confined urn holds naught but human dust—

His life is lost—

And o'er the gates of Hades' deepest hell

He reads his written doom—

"All hope abandon ye who enter here"—

Her dreadful enemy is dull Despair,

The most morose and cruel knight of all hell's serried host;

'Gainst him her tents are set on many a battlefield of  
bloody war

Though driven back, her constant will comes on with strength  
renewed—

And many victims has she snatched from dark Despair,

To bear to God above.

Hold Hope within thy heart,

And Death and Hell,

And all the powers of earth that may combine

Cannot control thy destiny

Nor rob thee of the living light divine.

## Poetic Inspiration

THE silent stars send down a softer light,  
The poet rises from his restless cot,  
And passing forth into the perfect night,  
Thrills with the magic of an untold thought.

Within his vivid fancy faintly gleams  
The stately sweep of silent unseen wings:  
Their softest down, floating on moonlight beams,  
With shadowy hands into his heart he brings.

Upon a magic harp of silvery strings  
He weaves a silken web of golden tones—  
A theme of stately queens and royal kings  
Seated upon enchanted purple thrones.

Upon the balmy bosom of the air  
Faint echo of a solemn chaunt he hears,  
The fairy fireflies glittering torches bear;  
A stately vision forms or disappears.

Before a sacred shrine of amber bright  
Four holy angels an oblation pour;  
The distant world fades slowly from his sight,  
As through enchanted realms his senses soar.

Down murmuring streams of ancient lore he floats,  
While white-winged angels chant a mystic rhyme;  
The stately cadence of the measured notes  
Swings to the rhythm of the oarsmen's time.

Sweet perfumes of the dying roses' breath  
Steal softly o'er the senses of his soul;  
In fancy, far beyond the realms of death,  
He sees the vistas of eternal ages roll.

Deep down within the depth of hell's despair  
He dares the awful anguish of its doom;  
The torrid thunder and the lightning's glare  
Reveal the dreadful terrors of the tomb.

Long shining bars of golden light stream down  
Where heaven's peerless pearly gates unfold:  
His forehead feels the victor's starry crown;  
With reverent feet he treads the streets of gold.

The rosy beams of morning's golden light  
Dispel the deep enchantment of his dream;  
He follows far the footsteps of his flight  
Mirrored within the dewdrops' quivering gleam.

So, homeward to a sleeping world he bears  
Strange stories, stolen from endless space and time,  
Songs of immortal love, and heavenly airs  
Set to the simple grandeur of a rhyme.

## To My Little Niece, Violet

THERE has not yet,  
In all the world around,  
Been found  
A violet  
With eyes of jet,  
That shine  
Like thine  
Divine;  
Nor dewdrop gem  
On slender swaying stem:  
Not one of them.

Not one of them,  
With graceful nodding head,  
To beauty wed:  
With face so fair,  
With air  
Of dainty queen  
Is seen:  
Sweet Violet,  
Our pet.

## To a Twin Soul

WHEN the winds of desolation  
Mourn the ruin of a world,  
And this icy orb in darkness  
Through unending space is hurled;  
When the moon is but a memory  
And the misty stars have flown  
To the realms of outer darkness  
Of the fabled vanished sun,  
In a path beyond the trampling  
Of unrecorded time  
We shall link our lives together  
In that "far serener clime":  
Like twin meteors of the morning  
To unending spaces blown,  
We shall scale another universe,  
Shall mount another throne;  
In the cons of eternity,  
Our souls together wed,  
We shall live and love forever  
In the annals of the dead.



## Love is the Fulfilling of the Law

FRAIL Man! The sport of element,  
Ah! Whither bound? Why hither sent?  
For what unknown divine Intent?

Whose bosom rocks with power divine,  
Thy fire of life, thy sacred wine  
Through coarser clay and ashes shine.

Thy star of Hope, thy breath of Love  
Still urge to loftier heights above  
Where sits enthroned the Eternal Dove.

One path alone doth upward draw,  
One guide without a fear or flaw—  
"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

The narrow bands of feeble Hate  
Enshackle not the truly great,  
Nor on their star-set mountains wait.

The silent shadow harmless swings  
Beneath the sweep of spirit wings,  
That still in flying transit flings,

And far o'er cloud and shadow bear,  
Through golden light and purer air,  
Still onward to the visions fair.

Nor palid fear, nor pain, nor loss  
Can bar thy way with earthly dross,  
Nor quench thy fire, nor mar thy gloss.

Our fiercer fancies shrink in awe,  
And swift the unequal strife withdraw,  
"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

Eternal destiny alone  
Can all its potent power enthrone,  
And in its fulness know and own.

Love is the fire from God above  
Fulfilling where it dares to prove  
The Law's inexorable truth.

Our shrinking bodies faint and burn,  
And soon to withered ashes turn,  
Their hope alone the silent urn.

But far through space our spirits rise  
To grasp with firmer faith the prize  
Of Love's enraptured Paradise.

Where still through circling ages move,  
In endless praise of God above,  
The eternal Laws of Heavenly Love.

## Joy

O H Joy! Supremeest haven of mortal bliss,  
The blossom of Life's fulness and desire:  
Love's overflowing bosom as a fount  
Still feeds thy sacred stream with dear delight,  
Whose rippling echoes flood the raptured air  
Of mirthful meadows, and melodious,  
Sing to enraptured skies in mellow cadences.  
Thou holy inspiration of the Immortal Gods,  
Companion of all virtue and pure thought,—  
Glory achieved—Triumphant honor won—  
Successful earnest effort, and the sway  
Of silvery speech that triumphs eloquent—  
These all confess thee, and, with rapturous bliss,  
Bind round thy brow the twining ivy crown.  
Our hope is to be with thee, and in thee,  
The weakness of earth's miseries forgot,  
Robed in the enfolding garment of thy grace,  
To embrace the eternal triumph of thy name.

## Hate

AND Thou—Insentient Hate—Hell haunting Hate,  
Whose brooding horrors hatch destructive Death,  
Blood-stained War, and cold-eyed Cruelty:  
When first, 'neath darkening wings, devouring Heat  
Brought forth the brood of black-browed Jealousy,  
Thy horrid form stalked forth implacable.

On thy dark front and in thine eyes of flame  
Resentment reigns, and fury uncontrolled;  
Thy vaunting heights of arrogance appal  
Th' obsequent hosts of Hell, Earth's realm invades,  
And Heaven's pure light insults with dread alarm.

On Thee—abhorrent Hate—return again  
Thy haunting horrors, enmities and strife—  
The envious spite—the envenomed serpent sneer—  
That stab with subtle vengeance secretly.

Hell is thy hapless home; thy dear delight  
Dominion over demons in despair;  
There make abode nor vex with treacherous tongue  
The impatient soul. Contentious Ignorance  
And foolish Wrath attend thy swift return  
To share the terrors of thy banishment.

## Inspiration

WHAT time we climb the hill-top, and with light  
New breaking through the rifted clouds afar,  
Spied with a lofty vision the faint gleam  
Of undiscovered stars.

## Faith

AND Faith, to whose inspiring sight  
Stand clear the many mansions bright,  
Across whose vision sweep the wings  
Of angels in the sky,  
Within whose ear the siren sings  
Of Love's devoted offerings  
Crowned in victory.

## Memory

LAST night I dreamed;—I dreamed I saw thy face  
In that mysterious mirror of the mind,  
In all the sweet perfection of its grace;  
Around my heart thy loving arms were twined:  
Oh! Memory sweet and kind.

Thy breasts upon my bosom beat again,  
The light of thy dear eyes looked into mine,  
Such ecstasy as do the Gods ordain  
Poured through my pulsing heart in mellow wine:  
Oh! Memory most divine.

Upon my lips thy lingering kisses fell  
Softly, as petals from a rose full blown,  
When web of evening weaves its faerie spell  
O'er gardens where the blushing buds have sown  
The Memory of thine own.

Oh Memory! Who enfoldest in thy dream  
The distant music of the withered years,  
Whose fainting echoes from thy starland stream,  
Embalm mine heart and sooth my sorrowing fears,  
Lest Memory turn to tears.

Sweet prophesies of future dreams foretell,  
When in thine own enchanted halls again  
Shall roam my visioned senses, when shall dwell  
No more the endless longing and the pain  
In Memory's refrain.

But, when at last on some bright starry shore,  
The love-light from thine eyes shall lead me home  
To thee again, there—there, our partings o'er,  
We'll turn full often by that starlight foam  
In Memory's paths to roam.

## Enduring Success

IF only may victory claim, who can smile at defeat and  
despair;

Who faces the fatal frown of a cruel Fortune's power  
With the light of joy in his heart and his eyes.

Though a world be lost,

He endures to the end for the prize.

The crown of palms will wither and fade, and power be  
insecure,

Though the blare of an hundred bugles beat the air,

If hate, or envy, or pride creep into the soul

That never has known in despair

The power of self-control.



Fated the life of the flower that misses the warmth of the sun;

And a musty cobweb gloom creeps over the life of the soul

That is lit by the blinding glare of the flashlight's fatal beam.

Death conquers all,

As he enters Lethe's stream,

Who hoards within the narrow cell of his heart a dry dank  
dust

That once was the root of a flower,

Of a flower that never was brought to the bud or the bloom,

For, missing the light of heaven which shines in a heart of

love,

It withered to droop and decay

In the foul dark air of its tomb.



## The Eagle

PIERCE eyed he floats above the forest rim,  
A thing of dread,  
Wide-winged he circles o'er the mountain top,  
And upward still,  
Where fleecy clouds enfold his floating form,  
He soars to meet the sun.

The heaven is his, the misty height his throne;  
The thunder sound and roar of awful avalanche  
Proclaim him King—

King of the crag and roaring cataract,  
Stern as the summit where he holds his sway,  
He lords it over all.

A shadow sweeps across the vale below.

The startled hind  
Cowers in her secret covert tremblingly.

The wide-eyed hares,  
That sport across the mountain lawns,  
Fade from the sight.

The matin's song is hushed, and low and dim,  
Muffling her warning drum,

The mother grouse  
Gathers her trembling brood beneath her wing.

Fear reigns on all,

In hushed expectancy

The quivering depths are gathered in his grasp;  
From out the drooping heavens a dart descends  
Silent and swift upon the startled herd;

A piercing cry; a wild exultant scream,

And, red with gore,

O'er mountain solitudes, vast, inaccessible,

His tribute won,

The monarch of the air prepares to feast upon his prey.

